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PARTNERSHIPS 'EN COMMANDITE.'

WE lately took occasion to notice the establishment of associative trading concerns, composed of workmen, in London and elsewhere, and ventured to express a hope that societies of this nature, as possibly exhibiting in a practical way some improved view of artisan life, were deserving of sympathy and support. From communications that have since reached us, it would appear that the most serious obstacle to the progress of not only these, but various other trading associations, is the present state of the law of partnership. A word on this subject, therefore, may be thought not unworthy of public attention.

The law of partnership in England and Scotland is briefly this—that any one receiving even the smallest portion of profit in a business is deemed to be a partner, and is liable to the last farthing of his fortune to make good the losses of the concern. The only restriction on this broad liability is in the case of societies specially established by act of parliament, or by royal letters patent; but to obtain the benefit of these, or any other form of protective charter, will cost perhaps £1000; and, after all, unless guarded by a special legislative enactment, the limitation as to risk may be litigated and found unavailing. In short, the danger of investing in ordinary joint-stock concerns is so great, that comparatively few undertake the hazard; and consequently trading partnerships are confined chiefly to parties who are intimate with each other, and who each take a personal interest in the business. No doubt the unlimited responsibility of partners, irrespective of the extent of their shares, is designed for the protection of creditors; and so far the law has a good meaning. But in protecting the public from one evil, the law unfortunately, by the inflexibility of its provisions, commits a grave injury on society, and stands much in need of amendment.

What seems desirable is the continuance of the present law as respects all trading partnerships which neither wish nor require to alter their conditions; but to supplement this with a new law which shall provide for the union of parties who desire to place capital in trade on a risk commensurate with the amount of their investment. In plain terms, to have the benefit of a specially-protective act of parliament, without the formality or expense of an appeal to the legislature, or seeking for a charter which nobody understands. Partnerships such as we desiderate are by no means a novelty. They exist to a large extent in France, and also in the state of New York—a state which has lately put England to shame in the matter of law reform. In France, the kind of association we refer to is called

a Partnership *en commandite*; and we shall explain its more remarkable provisions.

According to the French code, there are three kinds of partnership, one of which is that *en commandite*, or *in commendam*; that is, a limited partnership, where the contract is between one or more persons who are general partners—jointly and severally responsible—and one or more other persons, who merely furnish a particular fund or capital stock, and are thence called *commanditaires*. In such concerns the business is carried on under the associated name or firm of the general partners only. The names of the special partners with limited risk do not appear, nor do these partners take any active management; were they to do so, they would assume the responsibility of *general* partners. They may, however, advise as to any course to be pursued, and are at liberty to inspect the books and affairs. From these provisions it will be observed that the special partners, or *commanditaires*, occupy a position analogous to what is usually termed *sleeping* partners, but without the risk of these persons. In the event of a bankruptcy, the special partners are liable for nothing beyond their investment or share; and they can claim no dividend till all the other creditors of the partnership are satisfied. The law of limited partnership is precisely the same in the state of New York; and in France, as well as in America, partnerships of this class cannot commence till they are inscribed in a public register, with the names of all the partners, and their several shares and risks. By this registration they are fully known in the trading community, and no one is deceived as to their real character.

The advantages flowing from these limitations are obvious. Capitalists in quest of means for investment place such sums as they can spare in the hands of small traders, on the agreement of receiving a certain share of the profits, and that without being haunted with the fear of being dragged into bankruptcy and ruin. If the concern prosper, well and good—a reasonable profit is realised: if it fail, the money is lost, and that is all. When we say *capitalists*, we do not exclusively refer to men with vast fortunes, but include persons with small savings of £50 or £100, which, instead of being necessarily, as with us, deposited in a bank at 2 per cent. interest, may, by the *commandite* system, be put out in trade with a fair hope of bringing from 6 to 10 per cent. interest per annum. As tending to relieve small traders from the obligation of borrowing or discounting bills, the plan is said to work admirably; while as regards the promotion of business it has been of the greatest consequence.

The subject of limited partnership, as now described,

was some years ago under the consideration of parliament; but being a novelty in Great Britain, it naturally failed of support. In the report of Mr Bellenden Ker, presented to parliament in 1837, that gentleman observes—'With respect to the working of the law in France and New York, as far as information has been obtained, it appears to be beneficial; and certainly, as regards the French law, the cases which are reported do not afford evidence that this branch of the law of partnership furnishes any peculiar facilities for committing fraud on creditors. In France, according to the opinions of some well-informed merchants, it is very useful, as affording the means of directing to commercial enterprise much capital which would not be so employed; as affording the means of bringing forward intelligent and skilled persons, who have not capital to enable them to enter into commercial speculation; and as enabling a retiring trader to leave in the business a portion of his gains, and thereby continue the credit of the house to its successors, which the retiring partner might not be inclined to do if his whole fortune were to be liable to the partnership engagements. The principal arguments in favour of the measure are—that capital is wanting in many districts for safe commercial enterprise, and is not so beneficially distributed as it would be if partnerships with a limited responsibility were allowed: that, by the present law, the increase or productiveness of national capital is retarded or diminished: that much additional capital, which is now lent on foreign loans, would be employed in the commerce of this country; and that the combination of capital and skill would be best obtained by allowing limited responsibility: that laws having the effect of compulsory protection are mischievous; and that many respectable firms would be enabled to obtain advances of capital on terms less disadvantageous than those in which it is sometimes procured from large commercial houses, who, on making any advances, either stipulate or expect that, in addition to the payment of the highest rate of interest, the borrower shall also purchase a portion of his goods from them—a mode of dealing rarely favourable to the borrower; and that, in fact, the security to the creditor would often be greater under such a system than it is at present, when the trade is carried on either by means of credit or with borrowed capital.'

A remarkable instance of the value of *commandite* partnerships is mentioned in the evidence of Mr A. Levinger, commercial traveller for a house in Basle, Switzerland. This house, wishing to take advantage of the law of limited partnership, established a sugar-refinery on French ground, about twenty miles from Basle. Here, he goes on to say, 'a *commandite* was established for two active young men, formerly clerks, and well-known in Basle; a large capital was immediately subscribed and paid down, and it was advertised in the *Basle Gazette* that so many, perhaps a dozen gentlemen, had subscribed and paid down half a million of francs as a capital, for which they were to receive 5 per cent. interest, and a half share or two-thirds share of the profit; and the two *gerants*, or managing partners, should have the sole management and the sole signing. This concern prospers to this day; and there is a striking case in one general way, which is the city of Mulhausen, on French ground, in the department of Haut et Bas-Rhin, which is now a second Manchester, which would not have risen to one-tenth part of the importance and riches it pos-

sesses now, were it not for these *commandites*. All the capital they traded with these thirty years, to my knowledge, was lent by Swiss houses of Basle, Zurich, &c. to these French borderers, and has returned more than 100 per cent.; in fact it has become a city of palaces, and now, though so much inland, buys the raw materials at Liverpool and Manchester; manufactures, at the utmost north-eastern part of France, printed cotton, and sends it back to England, paying even 30 per cent. duty, or smuggling it at 15 per cent., and sells it now in Cheapside, which my cousin did last year [1835]. Such *commandites* might be established by laying before the Chambers of Commerce here the deed and proofs of their establishment, and announcing it in the *London Gazette*, by which the liability of the contributors or shareholders would be limited to the amount subscribed; the capital of the young, enterprising, and yet prudent men, published; and every change of partnership afterwards announced, without the too formal and too expensive method of the present acts of parliament and charters.*

All parties concur in representing that the United States could not possibly have attained their present prosperity without the law of limited partnership. By one authority we see it stated that—'If there be prosperity in the United States—enterprise—full and profitable investment of capital—steamboats traversing the rivers, and speeding not only along the coasts, but to remote parts—a commercial navy traversing every sea, and sweeping "even to the uttermost parts of the earth"—railways which intersect the entire of that mighty continent—and cities springing up, as it were, in a single night—this has mainly resulted from the aggregation of small means into large amounts by means of limited partnership. Capital, energy, industry, and skill, form a very formidable combination. The cotton-spinners of this country complain that they are too many, and have even held meetings, and set on foot subscriptions, for the purpose of drafting a portion of their number out of the country. The labour market of England may be overstocked; but the United States will receive this surplusage, employ it, and pay it with high wages. There, provided they are temperate in their habits, and attentive to "the main chance," there is great probability that they will not only do well, but prosper. The small cotton-spinning factories in America are all doing well. There is no such thing as "short time" nor "half wages" there. The demand is very much greater than the supply, and so it will be for many a long year. The American factories are founded and worked in this manner:—A man of capital in the United States gets three or more good cotton-spinners, and sets them up in a small factory driven by water-power, of which there is abundance: the cost of the first factory established in Lowell was only 3000 dollars. They pay him a rent for the factory, and a partnership is formed to work it. The capitalist puts down a limited sum, say £2000. The men put down what they may have to invest; small sums perhaps, but their real capital in the concern is their labour. There is one partner with money, and three or four with skill. The workmen strain every nerve to gain a profit, for it is profit which alone can

* We extract the above from the work, 'Partnership on Commandite;' Edinham Wilson, London, 1848. For much practical information on *commandite* and other partnerships, we beg to refer to an able digest, entitled, 'Commercial Law, its Principles and Administration,' by Leone Levi. 4to. London: 1850.

give permanency to the concern. They know that, in case of loss, their monied partner, whose £2000 is sunk, will leave them. If they succeed, they can throw their gain into the concern to increase the capital, and the monied partner would probably join in extending a profitable concern. All this would be done—it is done constantly—because the law of limited partnership was free there.

Readers of the *Times* will lately have observed in that newspaper letters from 'a Banker' on the subject of partnership with limited risk, in which views similar to the foregoing are expressed. He ascribes the surprising increase in American shipping to the readiness with which skilled men with slender means can procure capitalists as partners. 'There is nothing in the state of the American law to prevent a shipowner from having many *commanditaires*, or to prevent capitalists from applying their money to the extension of the American mercantile navy upon a system of restricted liability; and no doubt very many ships are so owned. Thus we see that an American capitalist, without involving himself in such unlimited liability as he must necessarily incur were the law in America the same as it is here, may and can profitably encourage honesty and enterprise at home. An Englishman also may, if he pleases, advance a limited sum to an individual shipowner or a firm in the United States, receiving the profit attaching to that sum, but not incurring any liability beyond the amount for which he is registered as a partner. Could an Englishman enjoy the same facilities at home for employing his money? And could the enterprising and industrious English captain, not possessing sufficient funds of his own, add to his means by a similar process? Without wishing to introduce any matter foreign to my subject, I cannot help here expressing my belief, that if a comparison were instituted between the emoluments which an English and an American captain respectively obtain from their profession, it would be found that the Englishman is greatly underpaid. The law, besides this, as we see, shuts him out from the advantage he might otherwise derive from the opportunity of obtaining capital, and setting himself up in his business, by recourse to the system of partnership *en commandite*. The Englishman is therefore under very many disadvantages compared with the American; and this does not apply to shipping only, but to all the branches of industry and commerce. The law should therefore at once be changed, to give parties at home the same facilities for obtaining capital as they have abroad. In this respect the commercial code of England and America should be assimilated forthwith.'

Much more might be said of the advantages likely to arise from the introduction of *commandite* partnerships; but we need only refer to one class of benefits—namely, the extension of schemes likely to improve the condition of the humbler orders. For example, plans are almost daily proposed to get up improved dwellings for workmen; but while many generously-disposed individuals would be willing to risk £10 or £20 as a commercial adventure in working out such schemes, all are deterred, from the fear of being involved as partners. Consequently the schemes, after being talked and sighed over, are laid aside as impracticable. But for similar fears, hundreds would extend help as capitalists to workmen associated in trade. Here, then, in the form of an antiquated legal institute, we bring before the artisan classes a distinct evil, palpably injurious to their interests. What subject more worthy of being pressed on the attention of the legislature?

NOTE BY ANOTHER HAND.—It occurs to me that by such an improvement in the law of partnership as is here pointed out, an immense advance might be effected in the moral condition of the working-classes. The small extent to which saving is carried in these

classes has often excited surprise, more especially when contrasted with the habits of the class of small traders, whose gains are in general no better. There must be causes for this; and may it not reasonably be surmised that one of these lies in the want of channels of investment and improvement for the spare money? The little trader feels that every new pound is a new power in his business, and an exaltation of his prospects. The artisan can only keep it in a bank at small interest, till perhaps some accident deprives him of the whole. It is obvious that the principle of hope—on which the conduct of men in the world so much depends—would be much more stimulated by the having a little money ventured out in business with a good return, albeit at some risk, than by having a sum lying cold, hard, and comparatively unfruitful in a bank. Hence I can see a moral regenerative force in partnerships *en commandite*. There would be incidentally an economical advantage, in as far as by that arrangement, men desirous of employing small sums in trade would be enabled to join good concerns already established, and thus saved from setting up small rival ones, in which any gain that arises is apt to be entirely swallowed up in expenses. The multiplication of shops and other concerns so far beyond what is necessary for the convenience of the public, and the great waste of money in rents, assistance, and other expenses which follows, may be considered as owing in a great measure to the difficulties and hazards which at present attend association. Let these obstructions be removed, and a clever tradesman, who was beginning to flourish, would find himself supported and advanced in the world by the spare capital of those neighbours who at present are tempted to set up a counterpart of his shop next door, or on the opposite side of the street. There would also no doubt be a saving in iniquity; for we could not expect to see so many tricks and lying professions resorted to for the securing of custom, as what appear to be necessary in the present over-excited state of the competitive principle.

A DINNER IN THE PALAIS-ROYAL.

BY PERCY B. ST JOHN.

EUGENE MARSOUDIN is, without exception, the most eccentric young man it was ever my fate to fall in with. Handsome, well-made, even striking-looking, both men and women are always sure to turn round and stare after him as he strolls along the Boulevards of Paris, his only walk, for he was never known to extend it farther than the Place de la Concorde. The Champs Elysées is to him an unknown land. He came to Paris ten years ago as a law student, and took a cheap lodging, at £12 sterling per annum, in the Rue de Seine. Here he vegetated on his allowance of £4 a month, and made an effort to study. But the effort was almost vain: he fell asleep over his law books, and was never known to rise in time to attend to the morning lectures. At the end of three years, in the twenty-first year of his age, he had made so little progress, that his father determined to recall him. But Eugene was too idle to pack up his things for a journey, too indolent to engage anybody to do it. His portress, a good old woman between fifty and sixty, cooked his dinner for him, fetched him novels from the circulating library, and arranged his room. He could not change his existence. His father threatened to stop his allowance, but Eugene wrote back that he would just as soon starve as travel two hundred miles.

About a week later he was called on by a lawyer, who announced to him the important fact, that his mother's eldest sister, a maiden lady, had just died, and left him 12,000 francs per annum—nearly £500 sterling. Eugene bade the lawyer sit down, rose from his own chair, and taking up his student books, one by one put them on the fire. He then returned to

his chair, and proceeded to calculate what this allowed him to spend every week. The lawyer stopped him, and demanded instructions. Marsouin told him to receive his money for him, and to let his old woman have it, at the rate of 230 francs every week, on his written order. The man of law readily consented, got him to sign the necessary papers, and bowed himself out.

The existence of Eugene Marsouin scarcely changed. He kept his old lodging at L.12 a year, but he had it beautifully furnished; he removed old Catherine from the porter's lodge to the post of his sole servant; he dressed well; he subscribed to two libraries, to be sure of having the book he should want; and instead of dining at a sixteen-penny ordinary, took his dinner à la carte, now at the first restaurant on the Boulevards, now in the Palais-Royal. He awoke with clock-work regularity at eight, took his chocolate; and turning round in his bed, went once more off to sleep. At eleven he again awoke; and lounging half-dressed in a huge arm-chair, attacked his breakfast. It was composed of various delicacies, of which he scarcely ever ate two mouthfuls; but he amused himself by lazily cutting up some small pieces, and offering them on a fork to his old servant.

'Here, Catherine, eat,' he would say. This was in his days of effervescent gaiety; for if he was at all grave, he said nothing, but sat stupidly looking at his bottle of wine. About two he was dressed. If a friend came in, he was generally discovered lying on his back puffing huge volumes of smoke towards the roof.

'What are you doing, Eugene?'

'Nothing.'

'What are you thinking of?'

'Nothing.'

This was his universal answer. About three he would take his hat, his cane, and his gloves, and descending the stairs, make slowly for the first bridge which led him across the water towards the Boulevards. As an invariable rule, he dined one day at the Café de Paris, the next at Very's. He said he was fond of variety, and showed it by this regular alternation between two houses. He dined well, sometimes alone, sometimes with a friend, if he happened to meet him exactly in his way. He then took his coffee, lit another cigar, and strolled home. A divan, his pipe, and a book, were his ordinary resources of an evening; except when a party of friends came in, and then he roused himself sufficiently to order punch, &c. and sometimes ventured on an unexciting game. But he never encouraged late hours. He could not live without his eleven hours of bed.

And thus did his existence move on for years. He neither changed in habits, manners, nor looks. When the Revolution happened, he was annoyed at having to dine at home for a few days; and that was all the effect it had on him. As he did not sell out of the funds, his income continued unabated; and as soon as the last shot was fired, he resumed his placid existence. He was not a bad fellow, though so essentially selfish and wrapped up in himself: he would often rouse himself slightly to serve a friend, and took in good part the practical jokes sometimes played upon his indolence and absence of mind.

One morning, a few months after the Revolution of February, Marsouin had just risen to his eleven o'clock breakfast, when a knock came to the outer door. Eugene looked uncomfortable, but nodded to Catherine to open. A young man immediately entered. He was tall, well dressed, and strikingly handsome. Intellect was stamped on every feature of his face. He was, however, ghastly pale; his cheeks were livid, his eyes hollow and fiery. He came in with a poor attempt at a strut, and sank in an arm-chair.

'I have come without ceremony to breakfast with you,' he said, 'with a terrible effort at a laugh.'

'Eat,' replied Eugene indolently, after a languid

shake of the head. He really liked his old school-fellow Gustave de Simonet, but he rarely could muster more emotion than he now showed. Gustave was four years younger, and an artist, hard working, and full of talent, and they met rarely. But they both remembered the friendly days of school, and kept up their acquaintance.

Gustave ate quietly, and with evident caution. He touched no wine, but drank a large bowl of chocolate. As he made his breakfast, his cheeks flushed, his eyes lost their horrid glare, and when he threw himself back in his chair, he seemed a changed man. Seizing an instant when Catherine was away in the kitchen, he exclaimed, 'This is the first meal I have eaten for three days!'

'Gustave! you want to give me an indigestion!' cried Eugene, looking like a man who had seen a ghost.

'I am serious,' replied the young artist; 'and having been pretty nearly starved for four months, have come to ask you to use your influence to get me a place of say a thousand francs a year (L.40).'

Eugene heaved a deep sigh. He saw trouble before him.

'Could I not lend you a thousand francs?' he said.

'Eugene! I have not lived for four months on a two sous of milk and two sous of bread for breakfast, and on six sous of meat and bread for dinner, since the Revolution—I have not lain three days on my divan starving, to come and borrow money. I ask for work! I cannot just now find artistic work; let me get a place as copying clerk. You have influential relations.'

'My dear fellow, I am a lazy dog, but there is my hand. Reach me that writing-desk. I will give you a letter to the Countess de Montdely, which will serve your purpose. She has great weight—I forget with which minister; and she is my cousin. I have only seen her once, because she lives in the Faubourg St Germain, and I hate to go out of my way. But she invites me once a week, and my father reproaches me every month for not going. Some of these days I will.'

Gustave, rather surprised at his long speech, handed him pen, ink, and paper. Eugene took the affair in hand with intense energy, wrote off four pages in a very short time, and then sank back almost exhausted in his chair. Gustave thanked him warmly, and without offering to read the note, put it in an envelope, sealed it, and addressed it. Eugene then gave him one of his cards, and stating that this was her reception-day, hurried him off that he might reach before the general company. He further appointed to dine together at Very's, in the Palais-Royal, at six. Gustave borrowed five francs of his friend. With this he bought gloves, had his boots cleaned, and hired a cab. At two o'clock he was before the superb hotel of the Countess de Montdely.

He rang, and entering the large and well-paved court, inquired of a tall menial if the countess were visible. The man hesitated, but rather civilly, as doubtful of admitting a stranger at that hour. Gustave produced the card and the note. The domestic bowed, and showed the young man up a splendid flight of stairs into a perfectly gorgeous *salon*. He then again bowed respectfully, took the card and note, and retired. Scarcely ten minutes had elapsed before Gustave, who was admiring a rich collection of pictures, was interrupted by the quick entrance of a lady. He started involuntarily, and then bent profoundly to a lovely young creature, blue-eyed, fair-haired, and sparkling with animation. She was not more than three-and-twenty.

'Be seated, monsieur, I pray you,' she said after a rapid glance at the artist, from eyes in which stood fresh-started tears: 'my cousin is a most strange person. He quite forgets the Revolution, and the death of my husband. He writes as if my husband were alive, and enjoying the confidence of the late king. This is

most annoying. It is true that when my husband was alive—he has been dead two years—I had some little influence, and could serve my friends.'

'Madame,' exclaimed Gustave, rising, not wholly unable to disguise his sorrow, 'I am very sorry'—

'Monsieur,' said the young widow a little impatiently, 'are you aware of the contents of this letter?'

'Madame, I understood it to be a note recommending me to your notice for some modest place.'

The countess handed it to the artist, who, with burning cheeks, read in it every detail of his misery and suffering. He rose again, his eyes bowed with humiliation and shame, and muttering something about the folly of Eugene, was about to rush wildly from the room.

'Monsieur, have a little regard for me,' said the countess somewhat quickly, but evidently with much emotion, at the same time ringing her bell. A servant came.

'Deny me to everybody. I wish to consult with monsieur about the Eastern Gallery, and about my portrait, which Monsieur V—— has so long neglected. Let the gallery be ready in half an hour,' and then she continued, when they were once more alone—'I am rich, fond of pictures, and shall be proud to find you employment suited to your talents. Do you paint portraits?'

'That Diana of Poitiers over your own picture is mine,' said the young artist modestly: 'Eugene bought it of me two years ago.'

'It is the only politeness I ever received from him,' replied the countess, not without much satisfaction, for the painting was full of talent and promise: 'I hope you will paint me as well?'

'Madame,' cried Gustave impetuously, 'you offer to take a poor unfriended artist by the hand. I can never show my gratitude.'

The countess shook her head, and led the way, after some farther conversation, to the picture-gallery. While waiting for this to be ready, Gustave told his whole history. The countess pressed him so delicately, he could not refuse, especially when Eugene had told the worst. Madame de Montdely casually explained that she had married the aged ambassador, who had been her husband, to settle some disputed claims about estates, at an age when she had no will of her own. Both of an imaginative cast of mind, the countess and the artist soon became good friends, and before an hour, had got rid of all the reserve of strangers. The widow, used to the world, and to all kinds of society, found pleasure in the talk of the ambitious, talented, but poor artist; and when she came to settle with him the hours of her sittings, the best position for her to sit, and other details, they were already on familiar terms. Gustave was a gentleman in every sense of the word, and this the lady at once saw.

At last the young artist took his hat to go, long before the countess seemed at all inclined to be fatigued with his company. She then told him that several public men dined that day at her table, and she should be happy to see him. Gustave remembered his engagement at six, and politely declined. He did not mention with whom he was engaged, lest he might be tempted to disappoint him who had served him so efficaciously. The countess seemed a little surprised at his not accepting her invitation, and at his preferring to keep an engagement in the Palais-Royal.

'Poor, handsome, talented, modest, unhackneyed in the ways of the world,' said the countess as she sat musing alone after his departure; 'this has always been my ideal. Married at seventeen to a good old man, a formal diplomatist, who was like a second father to me; thrust into the society of nothing but politicians, I always dreamed of taking a real husband from the talented crowd of struggling geniuses. One has fallen in my way. I like him much, and fancy I shall like

him more. He seems a man of honour and principle. That is all I ask, for I will never marry a man to whom I cannot confide my property. Ta! ta! ta! here am I like a wild girl talking of marrying, and I know nothing of the man! Who is he going to dine with to-day? If I knew, I might judge him better.'

The countess rang, and ordered a carriage and her companion to accompany her—another *protégée* raised from misery. In ten minutes more she was on her way to the Palais-Royal, and soon lounging along the arcades, as if in search of something. It was just six o'clock, and she saw Gustave walking in the garden before the café of the Rotonde, as if waiting for some one. The gay young countess felt a little annoyed at her own curiosity, but the desire to know who was his companion in the dinner overcame all. A quarter-past six, and still no one came. Gustave went and looked in at Very's, but the person he expected was not there. Then she saw him turn his back to the crowd, and count his money. It seemed only to be a few coppers. Half-past six, and Gustave seemed to grow impatient. The poor fellow was hungry. He seemed anxious and doubtful. Suddenly he darted away towards the Rue Vivienne. The countess, who was beginning a second round in the arcade, stood still and looked, all the while leaning on the arm of the astonished Mademoiselle de Fonsec. In five minutes Gustave came back with a small loaf in his hand, which he began to break and eat. No one noticed him. He still walked up and down, but evidently not as if he expected a dinner. Suddenly, as he began his second loaf, a thought seemed to strike him, and he moved in the direction of the Faubourg St Germain. But in a minute he stopped, looked at his soiled gloves, felt his cravat, and turned back. Decidedly he would dine on dry bread.

The countess now hurried back to her carriage, convinced that Gustave was to have dined with some one, and not some one with him. The whole force of the affair was now in the question—Was he to have dined with a man or with a woman? Lucie de Montdely, in all her experience in society, young and beautiful as she was, had never been in any way affected by the passion of love. Neither was she now. But the talent and misfortunes of the young and handsome artist had excited in her an interest she had never felt before; young as she was, she was quite persuaded that, should inquiry satisfy her as to his honourable character, she should feel much more.

About twelve o'clock the next day Gustave rang at the door of Eugene Marsouin. Catherine opened, and to his surprise he found the Countess and Mademoiselle de Fonsec breakfasting with the indolent Eugene, who was, however, trying to look amiable, and eager to oblige. He looked intensely relieved when he saw Gustave.

'I came,' said Gustave, after paying his respects to the ladies, 'to reproach you with keeping me an hour waiting for you in the Palais-Royal. I refused an invitation to dine with Madame la Comtesse, because you had made me a promise to dine with you at Very's.'

'Fatal mistake!' cried Eugene with a tragic air. 'I was so confused yesterday morning, I must have said Very's; but it was my day for the Café de Paris, where I waited dinner an hour for you. Why didn't you speak to the *garçon*—he would have told you?'

'So, monsieur,' said the countess with a smile which unconsciously was radiant, 'you deserted me for my cousin? I shall punish him by making him dine with me to-day; and as I know his indolent habits, I shall send a carriage for him. You recollect, Monsieur de Simonet, that this day at two is my first sitting. Will you take a seat in my carriage?'

Gustave accepted, and that afternoon the picture was commenced. Three times a week did the young man stand before the canvas, and strive to make a copy

of the living, breathing, beautiful thing before him; but it was more difficult than he expected. The beauty, grace, and unaffected charming character of the young widow, the easy and elegant familiarity of her tone to her *protégées*—Mademoiselle de Fonsec was always the companion of these sittings—the real nobleness of her character, and, above all, the deep gratitude which he felt for her kindness to him, produced a result which would have been surprising if it had not been produced. Gustave made scarcely any progress with his picture.

About two months had passed away. It was May last year; the three were in the very midst of a sitting. Lucie was leaning back in her chair, while Gustave corrected some defects in the expression of the countess's eyes. A servant suddenly summoned Mademoiselle de Fonsec away. As the door closed behind her, the artist let his pencil fall. He stood pale, and almost with tears in his eyes, before the lovely woman.

'Madame la Comtesse, I give it up! I cannot complete your picture: it is a vain attempt. I am not worthy to do so.'

'What mean you, sir?'

'Madame, I am frank and honest. I have looked too often on your face for two months past. No artist can paint the features of her with whom he is madly, hopelessly in love!'

The countess closed her eyes an instant, and spoke not; then she rose, and advancing near to the young man, who stood with his eyes fixed on the unfinished portrait: 'Why hopelessly, Gustave?' she said, laying her hand on his arm.

Half an hour later, when Mademoiselle de Fonsec returned, and entered the room unannounced, she started back, and would have retired. Gustave was kneeling at the countess's feet, one hand in his, the picture of proud, unalloyed happiness. Lucie was speaking in a low tone, and telling him of some project for their mutual happiness.

'Come in, Laura,' said the countess with a sweet smile, 'and share our happiness. We are affianced, and all the world must soon know it.'

It was in June, and at the church of the Madeleine. The door was crowded by carriages. It was a splendid wedding; all the *fashionables* of Paris were present, and all the leading men in the arts, for a rich and beautiful member of the circles of the Faubourg St Germain was giving her hand to a young and talented artist. There were some sneers about the matter, but only a few. Most persons agreed that it was a well-assorted match. The pair were equal in all but money, and Gustave brought genius, while Lucie brought gold. He was, even in these days, at least her equal.

It was a warm day, and the crowd smiled as Eugene Marsouin, with a grim countenance, ascended the steps of the splendid church. The poor man suffered intensely from heat and a day of dissipation. He had actually risen at ten o'clock! But he was really attached to both Lucie and Gustave, and he did not seriously grumble. He resisted, however, strongly an invitation into the country; but at last he yielded, and spent the autumn of the year with the happy couple. He has, moreover, so far broken in upon his habits, as to dine once a week with them during the season; and he never fails, after the first glass of wine, to deplore his mistake about the invitation to Gustave, and to apologise for giving the other so poor a dinner in the Palais-Royal. The husband and wife always laugh, and I hope they always may. Certainly in all my experience of life, which has been varied enough, though short, I know not a happier, a more deserving couple, than Gustave and Lucie de Simonet. Their love is founded on mutual esteem, and no worldly feeling has any share in its composition. They advise Eugene to follow their example, but he declares that he could

never endure a courtship and a wedding, to say nothing of the chance of finding a wife who would bear with his eccentricities. But perhaps in time he may envy the happiness of his cousins. We shall see.

MARK ISAMBARD BRUNEL.

THE subject of the present sketch was born on the 25th April 1769, at Hacqueville, in the department of l'Eure, not far from Audely, the birthplace of Poussin, the greatest painter of the French school. His parents were respectable agriculturists, and had four children, two boys and two girls, of whom Mark was the eldest. In the earliest days of his boyhood he manifested a decided taste for mechanical pursuits, and what is called exact science; and on being sent to the seminary of St Nicaise at Rouen, soon grew tired of studying Demosthenes and Cicero. Naval science, machinery, mathematics, and design, possessed greater attractions for the young scholar, and absorbed his mental powers. During the vacations, which were spent at his father's house, his greatest pleasure was to pass the day in the workshop of the Hacqueville joiner, where his faculty of investigation and thirst for knowledge declared themselves in endless questionings, which the worthy artificer replied to with the best of his ability.

It was in this shop that Brunel acquired his knowledge of tools, and of their manipulation, and that ideas of mechanics began to assume a definite form in the brain of the future engineer. When twelve years old, his skill in turning was such as would have satisfied a good workman. He constructed also models of ships and instruments of navigation and music—proofs of ability which were far from being satisfactory to his father—a man of rigid character, who wished his son to enter the church, or to follow some mercantile calling, and who resisted the youth's inclination for a profession in the mechanical arts with all the weight of parental authority. 'Mon cher Isambard,' he would say, after having opposed a host of apparently sensible objections to his son's wishes—'Mon cher Isambard, if you take up that line you will vegetate all your life.'

This parental prognostication might have been forgiven in that day, when industrial art had scarcely begun to develop the mighty resources which it has since put forth. Now we may smile at its shortsightedness; but then the application of steam as a motive power was in its infancy—spinning and weaving had not become supereminent branches of trade. The only cotton-factory in that part of Normandy was at Louviers: the attempts made to introduce machinery into Rouen had been ignorantly and destructively resisted by the populace of the city. The first steam-engine imported into France from England was landed at Rouen in 1793 under the eyes of Brunel.

On leaving the seminary, at the age of fifteen, Mark Isambard obtained his father's permission to pass some time at Rouen, where, under the eye of M. Carpentier, an old friend of the family, he went through a course of lessons in drawing, perspective, and hydrography. Delighted with the astronomical notions acquired in his nautical studies, he undertook a series of observations of the celestial bodies on his return home, his observatory being a plain a little distance to the north of Hacqueville, greatly to the astonishment of the peasantry of the village, who were set agape at seeing the youth 'measure the sun.' Shortly afterwards, his attention having been excited by an octant in the possession of his hydrographical tutor, he made a similar one, his sole guide being a treatise of navigation. The instrument not proving to his satisfaction, he re-examined and reconsidered its construction, and, assisted by a few crowns which his father ventured to risk for such a purpose, he made another of ebony, and was content with his performance. Two octants, which he

subsequently used while a sailor, were also of his own fabrication, and, with the facts previously adverted to, may be taken as indications of intellectual and mechanical precocity.

Brunel's hydrographical studies, and perhaps the influence of his friend M. Carpentier, who had been a trading captain, led to his entering the navy as simple volunteer in 1786, from which date, up to 1793, he made several voyages to the West Indies, without seeking any higher rank in the service. While fulfilling the laborious duties of a mariner, he was always remarked for gentleness, gaiety of disposition, skill, and extreme intelligence. *Le Marquis*, as he was called, in a *jeu de mots* upon his name—*Marc I.*—was beloved by the crew and passengers, whom he astonished by the diversity of his talents, of which he gave a notable instance by constructing a pianoforte during their stay at Guadeloupe.

In 1793 Brunel became involved in a dispute which led to his departure for a foreign country. At a meeting of one of the political clubs in a café at Paris, he had dared to raise his voice against the ferocious doctrines of the demagogues of the day, and in consequence risked his personal liberty. He, however, obtained permission from the minister of marine to pass over to America, where he hoped to find scope for the exercise of his abilities.

After staying a few days in New York, the young Frenchman set out for Albany, where he met two of his compatriots, who were preparing for an exploring journey through the unsettled lands to the borders of Lake Ontario. Brunel offered to accompany them, and act as captain of their party—seven individuals in all—in their remote and difficult enterprise. The object was to take possession, in behalf of a French company, of uncleared lands, comprising about 220,000 acres, and to survey and lay down plans of the property. The expedition presented somewhat of an adventurous character, from the uncertainty as to the precise situation of the lands, which lay between the 44th degree of latitude and the Black River. The party were provided with two tents, ammunition, and other necessaries; and for the two months that the survey lasted, encamped in the woods, in a strange country, with whose character they were entirely unacquainted, and succeeded in accomplishing their purpose.

Brunel often dwelt with pleasure in after-life on the incidents of this journey, in a region which subsequently became the property of Joseph Bonaparte, and related that Louis-Philippe, when king of France, on hearing his narrative of the exploration, remarked that the party had *voyagé en prince*. The monarch himself had visited these countries with two of his brothers; and, being unprovided with travelling gear, not unfrequently found themselves obliged to pass the night without shelter, and far from human habitation.

In 1794 Brunel's career as an engineer may be said to have commenced. He was appointed, conjointly with one of his companions of the exploration, to survey the country from Albany to Lake Champlain for a canal, to connect the waters of the lake with the river Hudson. In the execution of this work he displayed so much ingenuity in overcoming difficulties, as clearly to establish the peculiar character of his genius. He afterwards sent in a plan for the Houses of Congress at Washington, which, in its well-considered yet noble and handy composition, uniting elegance of form with majesty of arrangement, excelled all competitors. Although greatly admired, it was thought to be too costly and magnificent a palace for republican legislators. Subsequently, a modification of the same plan was chosen as the original of the Bowery Theatre at New York. Besides these, Brunel was employed in other public works—the fortifications erected for the defence of the city, and the establishment of an arsenal and foundry of artillery, in which his novel and in-

genious contrivances for boring cannon, and for moving heavy masses of metal with facility, showed that, like Brindley, he could bring a host of fertile ideas to bear on the work immediately in progress.

While thus developing his talents as architect, mechanician, and engineer, Brunel felt a desire to exhibit his powers on a higher stage. To compete with men of science seemed to him not only possible, but attractive. Several reasons induced him to fix his abode in England, not the least important being his attachment to Miss Sophia Kingdom, with whom he had become acquainted in the family of his friend Carpentier at Rouen. They were married in 1799; and in the amiable qualities of his wife Brunel is said to have found a fitting accompaniment to his own eminent abilities.

He made his début in this country by an autographic machine designed to copy drawings, maps, and written documents of a very complicated nature. Although of secondary importance, this invention laid the foundation of his prosperity in England; and from that time he rejected all the offers and invitations made to him to leave the land of his adoption for the service of other governments.

In England we have no privileged corps of engineers as that of the *Ponts-et-Chaussées* in France, which requires from its members a certain preliminary and indispensable amount of study. Here any one who will may profess himself an engineer; but before he can be called upon to undertake any work of importance, he must have displayed intelligence and capacity. Hence Brunel, whose early studies were less complete than those of other individuals devoted from their youth to exact science, but whose constructive talent was incontestable, was enabled to rank himself among the chief of English engineers. The success of his autographic apparatus encouraged him to further efforts, and ere long, his machine for the manufacture of block pulleys was made public.

He had first conceived the idea of this machine in America; but, considering that it could be employed advantageously only by a great naval power, he did not make it known prior to his arrival in London. It was not without encountering and conquering a jealous opposition, and struggling against the multiplied irritations provoked by his French origin, that he at length succeeded in obtaining a trial of his plans in the arsenal at Portsmouth. For this opportunity of proving his ability he was indebted to the friendly offices of Lord Spencer, then at the head of the Admiralty, and to the countenance afforded him by General Bentham, to whom the marine service of England owes much of its efficiency. Among other projects imagined by the general, was one also for a block-making machine, which he was about to carry into execution, when Brunel, at that time but little known, submitted his plans to him. Their superiority was at once perceived and recognised by the general: he not only renounced his own designs, but declared for those of his competitor. The ingenious machinery was completed in 1806; since when, it has performed with admirable precision, and furnished the British navy with blocks superior in all respects to those before used. The government acknowledged their approval of Brunel's contrivance by a grant of £20,000—a sum which in a short time was more than saved to the nation by the economy of his process.

In the fitting out of vessels of war, and the operations of the dock-yard, about eighty sorts of blocks are used, of different form and size; some complicated, others simple, with one or more wheels, traversed in certain instances by one or several axes, but all requiring the same exactness and solidity. A whole chapter might be taken up by a description of the block-factory at Portsmouth, without conveying an adequate idea of the simplicity of the manufacture,

which can hardly be gained without a visit of inspection. Logs of wood are first cut to the required lengths by a cross-cutting saw; these are afterwards brought to the various dimensions by means of circular and reciprocating saws; the blocks are then bored, mortised, the angles removed with the 'corner-saw,' and shaped in an apparatus which revolves with extraordinary rapidity. The next operation is to make the score or groove to receive the strap, either of metal or hemp, when, with a few touches of hand-labour, the shell of the block is complete. The final process consists in inserting the *lignum vite* sheaves, which are prepared by the same machinery.

In 1801 the Admiralty employed Brunel to effect improvements in the national establishments at Chatham and Woolwich, and it is said that he introduced order and economy where he had found only disorder and dilapidation. It was then that he constructed the steam-sawing machinery, with vertical and circular saws, which execute their work with marvellous speed. From the revolving saw for ship-timber, he passed by refined stages to the circular saw for harder and finer woods, which doubled the number of veneers into which each inch of plank or log could be divided, and has consequently tended materially to the cheapening of articles of furniture.

Besides these inventions, Brunel produced a machine for making wooden boxes of various shapes and dimensions; for making nails, an apparatus controllable by a child's hand, and striking many thousands of nails in an hour; the hydraulic packing press; two small and simple machines, designed one to twist, measure, and skein sewing cotton, the other for ruling paper; the fabrication of crystallised metallic plates for ornamental purposes; the construction of flat arches of wide span, with bricks and hydraulic cement, without centres or scaffolding, by the sole adherent force of the mortar, combined with fibrous or metallic bands; combinations for suspension bridges; and a machine for making seamless shoes for the use of the army.

The latter was brought into operation in 1813, invalid soldiers being employed in the process, at the suggestion of the Duke of York. With this machine thirty men could produce one hundred pairs of shoes in a day. The principal difference between them and ordinary shoes consisted in the superiority of the workmanship. But excellent as these shoes were, they presented one inconvenience—the sole not being stitched to the upper leather, they could not be resoled; and besides this economical defect to prevent their general use, the termination of the war led to a reduction of the army. After two years of trial, the machinery was given up.

Navigation by steam could hardly fail to attract the attention of such a man as Brunel: the construction of one of the first Ramsgate steamers was intrusted to him, in which, as is said, he introduced the principle of a double pump. And it was he who urged the Admiralty to build a steam-tug for towing at sea—an operation the possibility of which had previously been doubted. Its success and wide applicability are no longer matter of speculation.

We next find Brunel engaged on a machine with carbonic acid gas as the motive power. Faraday had proved by decisive experiments that this gas, as well as several others, when submitted to pressure at a low temperature, became condensed and liquefied, and afterwards, on the application of a moderate heat, vaporised with an enormous expansive force. The thought had once occurred to Davy that this tremendous property in the gas might one day supersede the use of steam, and it was to the realisation of the idea that Brunel devoted his abilities. His apparatus admitted of the liquefied gas becoming alternately expanded by heat and condensed by cold; but the difficulty of producing metallic cylinders or receivers

sufficiently strong to resist the explosive force of the gas on the slightest increase of temperature, was a hindrance, not yet surmounted, to the useful applications of which it is susceptible. It was patented by the inventor in England and France, so great were his hopes of reducing the energetic agent to tractability. This result has been, however, reserved for later times, and he who shall first accomplish it, may hope for fame not less ample than that which yet honours the memory of Watt.

But of all Brunel's works, that by which he will be most remembered is the Thames Tunnel. The idea of such a project had been present to his mind long before it was carried into execution; for when the emperor of Russia visited England in 1815, the enterprising engineer submitted to him a plan for a tunnel under the Neva, a river over which the permanence of a bridge would be doubtful, owing to the great accumulation of ice during the intense winter frosts and its sudden disruption in the spring. The necessity for a passage across the Thames, without interrupting the navigation of the stream, had led to two attempts to effect it by subterranean means—once in 1799 at Gravesend, and again in 1804 near the present tunnel. Brunel, therefore, found a favourable reception for his views when he first published them in 1823. Science, art, and trade, were all interested in the result.

The history of this subterraneous edifice is so well known, that to have called attention to it in this place is sufficient. It was commenced in March 1825, and opened to the public in the same month of 1843. The water broke in more than once during the progress of the excavation; and so formidable and disastrous was the last irruption in 1828, that the entire abandonment of the works was for a time deemed inevitable. Brunel's energies and resources, however, did not fail him; for each emergency he found a remedy; and at length his persevering genius triumphed. It is not the first time that Norman capability has shown its strength on English soil; and it affords another instance, if more were wanted, that genius has no geographical limitations. Mankind are nearer akin than they commonly believe.

If a man lives in his works, Brunel has left perpetuations of himself in many parts of the United Kingdom. His reputation was such as to cause him to be consulted and employed on works in several of our most important ports and manufacturing towns. His genius was of that nature which can occupy itself successfully with great designs or small endeavours. It is related of him that, being one day at a party where the card-tables stood open, Lady Spencer playfully requested him to produce a contrivance for cutting and shuffling the cards without the aid of fingers. A few days afterwards, Brunel presented the countess with a little machine which effected the desired object. To this apparently insignificant circumstance he may perhaps have been indebted for much of the encouragement accorded him by the agents of government by her ladyship's influence.

In stature Brunel was below the middle height; the expression of his features was modest and benevolent, yet stamped with genius in the amplitude and development of his brow: to look upon it was to feel the assurance that a brain of marvellous energies lay beneath. The gentleness of manners which he manifested when a boy characterised him to the last. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1814, and was chosen as one of the council, and vice-president of that learned corporation in their session of 1832-33; and in 1841 the honour of knighthood was conferred on him. Towards the close of his life he was frequently the subject of a disease the first approaches of which had been felt about the time of completing the tunnel; and his death took place in December of 1849. He had lived to nearly the venerable age of eighty-one, rich in the

esteem of those who knew him best, and could understand his worth. He left a widow, and two daughters, both married, and a son, whose reputation worthily perpetuates that of the father.

Such are the leading incidents in the life of an individual who, in common with Franklin, Brindley, Herschel, and Watt, began life in a humble sphere, and won fortune and a name by his own persevering endeavours. Sir Mark Isambard Brunel experienced what has so often been experienced by others—the opposition of events and persons, material as well as moral obstructions. That he conciliated the one, and removed the other, is perhaps to be attributed to the ‘high character of his inventions, the dignity of a career devoted entirely to usefulness, and the elevated tone of his private virtues;’ these have gained him ‘the celebrity which now distinguishes his name; the admiration of men of learning and of labour, and the affectionate remembrance of all those who, fortunate enough to know him personally, could appreciate his simple and noble character.’

For the substance of the foregoing notice we are indebted to a memoir recently published in the ‘Travaux de l’Académie de Rouen.’

PEN-TROTTERS.

‘That is a strikingly clever novel,’ said I to my friend Wilford the other day, as we were walking together.

‘It is,’ he replied: ‘I hope the author will not sink into a pen-trotter; but by the haste with which it was followed by another (and from its haste, of course an inferior one), I see great hazard of it.’

‘Pray what do you mean by a pen-trotter?’ I inquired: ‘the term is new to me.’

‘It is my name for a literary hack, and one which was suggested for my own edification and warning when I found myself in great danger of becoming the thing it defined.’

‘I did not know you had ever been a candidate for literary distinction,’ said I.

‘I was though,’ he replied; ‘but it is now some thirty years ago, when you, my friend, I apprehend, as yet were not.’

‘And what did you write? I should like to know, for I would certainly be the reader of your lucubrations.’

‘Then I think you must make interest with the trunk-makers, to give you an opportunity of overhauling the inside of their wares. I do not know where else I could send you for works that have been forgotten these twenty years.’

After a little more bantering, I succeeded in drawing from him a sketch of the circumstances which had nearly involved him in the occupation of a pen-trotter, and which I shall give, as nearly as I can recollect, in his own words.

‘It was my misfortune,’ said he, ‘to be born with very little to do, and the inheritor of an estate which made it a matter of no particular consequence whether or not I did that little. Hence I dawdled away my three years at the university, without what is called distinguishing myself, unless, indeed, as a crack hand at the boating, riding, driving, and other pastimes peculiar to many young gentlemen in *statu pupillari*. I got my degree, however, and being my own master, I launched upon London and Paris life with the zest of twenty-one, and became sated and sick of it sooner than might have been expected. I believe this desirable result was hastened in my case partly by the nature of my mind—which is not fitted for conventional and artificial views

of human life—and partly (perhaps principally) from my meeting with a very severe and unexpected disappointment on the side of my affections. These are strong things with some people’ (and he fetched a heavy sigh)—‘they were always strong and earnest with me. I was fool enough to dream of constancy and solidity in a coquette. Poh! such froth! such whipt syllabub!’—

‘But the pen-trotting?’ said I, anxious to recall my strong-feeling friend from the labyrinth into which he was wandering.

‘Oh, true, the pen-trotting. Well, I was languishing and pining away with the burthen of having nothing to do; nauseating the very name of what is called amusement; broken-hearted, yet scorning myself for every sigh that misery wrung from me, when suddenly it occurred to me that I would write a novel. Never was a spirit better charged with the materials for a love-story, and never, *let me tell you, Jack*—(and most significantly did he five times nod his head as he uttered these five words)—‘never, as I believe, did any love-story do its work more faithfully than that strong effusion of my heart—my heart, mind you, not my pen! The heart was the agent there: really ‘twas a sweet employment—I love that book even now’—

In vain I asked its title: he was inexorable in withholding it; but this mattered little, as I doubted not that among some of our mutual acquaintance I should easily come at it.

‘Thus far, you observe,’ he continued, ‘the thing was well. I wrote naturally and easily, and found in a harmless, if not in a particularly elevated occupation, a delightful resource—a pleasant city of refuge wherein to hide myself from vain and humiliating regrets.’

‘And what could ever make it otherwise?’

‘Just the intoxication of success; just that delicious chalice of profit and popularity which more or less inebriates everybody who drinks of it.’

‘Surely there are not many that find this cup of fame and gold so deadly as you seem to have done?’

‘I can only tell you the effect it had upon me. I was sober enough while writing my first work, for it was occupation I wanted, and not cash. I never dreamed of its making any noise in the world; and when I offered it to a publisher, it was not on account of any money I expected for the copyright, for I asked none, but simply because it would be pleasant to see myself in print, and still more delightful to watch, unobserved and unsuspected, the effect it would make upon young people, wounded and broken-hearted like myself.’

‘Had you any difficulty in getting it accepted by a bookseller?’

‘A good deal; quite enough to show me what a soul-crushing thing it must be to depend upon literature as a means of subsistence. That manuscript, Jack, enfolded in brown paper, travelled first to a great publisher at the West End, who kept it three months, and then returned it “with much regret that it was not in his line of publication.” It then went to the Row, to a great firm there, who would none of it. At last a certain publisher, now no more, undertook to bring it out upon the terms of our sharing its profits, if any. I neither looked nor longed for any; but the book making its way, on the strength of its truth to nature, a second edition was called for in about three or four months, and Mr W— wrote me word that he hoped at the ensuing Christmas to hand me a hundred pounds. Jack, did you ever have the vision of a hundred pounds, and yourself perched upon a pedestal in the Temple of Fame, before your mind’s eye?’

‘Never!’ I replied.

‘Well, until you have some experience in this kind of gratification, you must be lenient to the frailty that

inclines the heart to enjoy and greatly covet the prolonged possession of it. To sit down and write another novel was the work of the next three months you may be sure—hundred pounds don't grow on every bush; and people don't often find themselves enshrined in the Temple of Fame as easily as if they had been brought there in their sleep. 'Twas a pretty position, and I meant to keep it; but oh, Jack, be lenient once more, I say, to the frailty of human nature, when I confess to you that the hundred pounds—the hundred pounds, did I say?—the many hundreds, for of course I should grow in my demands for any future work—this pleasant many hundreds, then, of golden sovereigns, and all the charming things of which they stood the representatives, looked lovelier still in my money-warmed imagination, than the niche in her temple which Fame proffered me.'

'It was not in human nature to be otherwise than very much pleased with both results,' said I. 'Without the stimulus of fame and profit, who would undertake any work of labour and difficulty?—though yours, to be sure, could hardly come under this class of efforts.'

'At the best, it could not be supposed to involve much study or labour,' he replied; 'but even that which all works of the mind and fancy demand I found it so difficult to give to it, that at length I threw up the occupation altogether, just as I would have smashed the brandy bottle that was secretly enslaving and degrading me.'

'I cannot understand why you should have been driven to this extreme measure,' said I. 'Could you not compel yourself to pursue the thing quietly, and in subordination to other engagements?'

'Why no, really: that is just where the danger and difficulty of the matter existed, and where it ever will exist, to persons thus peculiarly tempted. Money is power; not, indeed, of the most exalted kind, but of the most available for all human purposes. Hence there is no sort of stimulus that so completely enervates and confuses the mind, and occasions it to lose its proper balance.'

'But how? I am at a loss to understand in what way a person like you, in no need of such a stimulus, should be thus its victim?'

'Well, it was in this sort of way it operated:—I found myself in a hurry while writing. There was not, as in the first instance, a throwing myself into my subject; and thus absorbed, forgetting everything of the real and tangible, and living in the invisible and imaginative region of my interior world. There was none of that earnest and sincere pouring forth of passionate remembrance, which was so mournfully sweet as often to make me linger over my employment as I would in the society of a dear delightful friend; but (oh Jack, I can scarcely bear to speak of the base reaction!) there was a counting of pages and lines, and a sordid calculating of how many would make a volume, which I do declare to you I was ashamed of, even when I practised it.'

'That was rather low, I must confess,' said I.

'As low as it is, I believe it is what most successful novelists come to; for when lines make pages, and pages make books, and books make money, every word has its price; and, in point of fact, it sometimes happens that an amplification of words forms the staple commodity of wares thus hastened into the market. The producer of them is in a hurry to get rich; that is the simple and right interpretation of such rapid and voluminous authorship; and it's all Canterbury to call it anything else.'

'Well,' said I, laughing, 'I agree with you in some measure; at least I do think that the rapidity with which "another and another still succeeds" in the wake of a successful novel, is rather deteriorating to the proper self-respect of the writer, and also to the respect due to the public; for it is not possible that

proper pains should be taken, and the mind allowed to revise and mature its conceptions, when thus constantly working.'

'Working!' and he hastily interrupted me; 'working do you call it? Grinding is the more proper word—grinding, if you please! Depend upon it there is no work in pen-trotting. There is not time for it. Hey! Presto! get the steam up! and grind and thrash away to be first in the market. That's the secret of successful literaturation, Jack; and that is the fate which I hope does not impend over the author of the book we first talked of.'

'I am sure I hope it does not,' said I; 'for we want a few such vigorous pens in the department of fiction.'

'I doubt whether we shall have them,' he replied.

I asked his reason for this doleful doubt.

'I can only go over the same ground, and say that the excitement is too strong,' he replied. 'When a person finds that to write a novel, or anything else, involves no more trouble than to write a cheque which he knows will be honoured, how is it in the nature of possibilities that he should not be drawing on his banker (the public) as often as possible?'

'It is a strong temptation no doubt; but you broke through it, it seems.'

'Yes; but how? Only by forswearing the occupation altogether. I could not have withstood it had I gone on with it. But I have a habit of listening to an interior counsellor, as Socrates had; only we may differ perhaps in the name we give this companion of the mind.'

'And what did this bosom friend say to you?'

'Solid, excellent, though somewhat stern truth.'

'Do you know what you are about?' it asked of me. 'Do you know that you are in a false, sordid, low position of mind? Are you aware that it is the love of wealth, the plain, mean, unmistakable craving after money, that is actuating and enslaving you in this pursuit? Do you not see that every book you write (I wrote three, Jack, in fever heat!) is getting more hastily, crudely, and emptily conceived and executed? Are you content to become a mere literary hack—a truckling, trading, contemptible pen-trotter.' Where the word came from I cannot tell you, Jack, but it struck upon some chord in my nature which most exceedingly disrelished, though it could not disown it. 'A pen-trotter!' I mentally repeated; 'no, that I never will be. I will be still a while, and let things cool, and see what comes of it.'

'And thus at last nothing came of it. "Oh most lame and impotent conclusion!" I think your views of the matter are extreme and exaggerated,' I continued; 'but it is your nature, you know, a little to overdo things. How would the many thousands who have to depend upon their literary exertions for a livelihood—how would they get bread to eat were they to anatomise and refine upon their proceedings after your fashion?'

'Poor souls!' and he gave a heavy sigh. 'It is not of this class that I consider the genuine pen-trotter to come. God forbid that I should brand with any name of contempt those individuals whom the force of circumstances constrains to labour with their pen! It was not of such persons I thought or spoke. It was of those who, like myself, had a career of important influence opened up to them, and who, under the strong excitement of success, merged the nobler object of extensive usefulness in the poor, isolated selfishness of getting money.'

'Perhaps they do not altogether lose sight of the higher motive,' said I; 'or at all events not to the degree you suppose? In fact I don't believe that you yourself did so to anything like the extent you are pleased to describe. But you like to take human nature, and more particularly I think your own nature, on its most infirm and disagreeable side.'

'I always take the bull by the horns,' said he.
'Keep out of its way, and don't meddle with it at all.'

'Good counsel; but this wild animal of Self is always putting itself in our way; and then and there, I say, take it by the horns—look it in the face. Never be ashamed of seeing and knowing the worst of yourself, Jack. The thing to be ashamed of is the putting a fine embroidered robe of spangles and satin over the old Adam, admiring the beauty thereof, and strutting unabashed in all the dreams and dramas of self-love; at once the idol and the idolater in your secret "chambers of imagery." In short, once admit the dominion of self-love and self-pleasing, and there is not a single precious and exalted sentiment that will not be trampled to death whenever it stands in the way of these all-absorbing influences.'

'Well, now I can go along with what you say,' I replied: 'now that you come down to the common-sense of things, I can understand and sympathise with your sentiments.'

'I will tell you,' said he, 'where I draw a distinction, and where I think as much haste as you will in writing and publishing is quite allowable—always in those who have to live by their exertions in this way. People must live, although some impudent French sovereign (Louis XIV., was it not?) doubted the necessity. Let them live, then, as best they may. Again, there is a class of authors whose range of authorship and its whole success depends upon their seizing hold of the public mind in a particular way, and keeping themselves constantly before it in that way, and no other. Fancy so and so'—(and he named one or two popular writers)—'being lost sight of for two or three years, and then coming out in a philosophical novel—coming out, I mean, with any work that would induce thought, and contain sentences that you would wish to remember for personal edification!'

'The sale of their productions would be wofully reduced, I fear,' said I.

'Of course it would. Well, then, to writers of this kind I would grant a large license for rapidity of publication. A man in that case writes to amuse: it is his line, and his mine, and let him work it in the best way he can. He has found it on his own estate, and he has a right to get what ore it yields—whether gold, silver, copper, or tin.'

'It's not much gold, I am thinking, that comes showering forth from mines so continually worked,' said I. 'But gold does not seem the thing that people want from literary diggings now-a-days. These are not the times for people to produce anything that appeals to the deeper and nobler principles of humanity. Everybody is in a hurry. They are going somewhere else—they have got something else to do than to sit down and think. Everything is strange, startling, rapid—a meteoric flash, and no more of it; and people who would write to be read, must in some sort adapt themselves to the public taste.'

'People who would write to be read must do as you say,' he replied; 'but people who would write to be felt, to be remembered, to be resorted to again and again in their works, and in those works to speak to something deeper, something nobler, than the sofa-reclining "lend-me-something-amusing-to-read" of the public mind, must take time and pains, if not to write, most certainly to revise what they have written. How many thousand crude imaginations require pruning away, which fancy, more particularly when it is vivid and luxuriant, pours forth in its first fervour! How many forcible conceptions demand consideration both as to their truth and the proper application of it, all of which needful measures require time.'

'You are thinking now,' said I, 'of works of a different and higher calibre than a novel, which was the point we started from.'

'No, I am not; I am thinking of the novel as occupying a place in a very important, because a very influential department of literature. I am thinking of the novel as presenting a vehicle for the conveyance of every sort of impression which the most "comes home to men's business and bosoms." For where are our realities but at our firesides? Where are our characters—where are we, in short, ourselves, but at home? The domestic demonstrations, Jack, the "never-ending, still beginning" drama of home life, that is the circle in which my sympathies move; and oh the matchless way in which the pen of some novelists has moved a magic wand over it! Do you ever tire of the touches of nature from Jane Austen?'

'They are wonderfully neat and clever; but still, Wilford, it is but a sort of Dutch painting after all.'

'It is not in the highest department of novel writing, I grant; but it is great in its way. It manifests no haste, no substitution of words for things. It is this seizing of the strong points of human nature in its every-day dress which constitutes the charm and the usefulness of works of fiction. And this, I say, is not to be done'—

'Without genius,' said I, willing to condense the argument, of which I began to think we had had enough.

'Certainly not without genius,' he replied; 'but not also without something else; without which no genius will avail to keep a writer from making shipwreck of his gifts; and that is, a high and noble aim of usefulness, as well as of amusement.'

'That is to say, you would weave a sermon between every three or four pages I suppose?'

'I would never stop to preach. There would be no need to make formal harangues "to point a moral or adorn a tale." Only let any man or woman of competent ability and experience in human affairs, interweave in a tale, or novel, or whatever you like to call it, such circumstances and their results as they themselves have certain knowledge of, and the events of life will preach their own sermons. But when, instead of this, the process is to make a book for the market—a three-volumed lucubration that is to sell for so much money—it is nothing else, I declare, and will maintain, than a regular systematic science of pen-trotting; from the which—to end where we began—may all authors of works of power and genius be henceforth and for ever delivered!'

'Well, I have no objection to say Amen to that; and therewith our walk and our dialogue came to a conclusion.'

MALTA AND GIBRALTAR.

Of all the fortresses from which Great Britain watches the movements of the world, Gibraltar and Malta are the most extraordinary; and we think the author of the 'Nile Boat' and 'Forty Days in the Desert' has exercised a sound discretion in choosing them for the subject of his new illustrated volume of what we hope will prove to be an annual series.* These three volumes are all intimately connected; and all exhibit a degree of tact which is not often met with in productions of so elegant and luxurious a character.

Mr Bartlett is an unpretending writer, who never assumes to be what he is not, or undertakes what he does not know he is able to perform. He writes, therefore, with ease and confidence as well as modesty; and, disclaiming all pretensions to a special originality, he gives a roundness and completeness to his subject which is highly satisfactory to the reader. The account of Malta is historical as well as descriptive—taken

* Gleanings Pictorial and Antiquarian on the Overland Route. By the Author of 'Forty Days in the Desert.' London: Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1851.

from books as well as personal observation; and there are few persons, however well acquainted they may be with the subject at large, who will not be happy to read the fortunes of the Knights of St John in this striking and compendious form, and illustrated by pictorial sketches in a high style of art. Malta is what he justly calls it—the stepping-stone to Egypt and the Dardanelles, the post of observation from which France and Russia are overlooked, and an impregnable station for our Mediterranean squadron. Originally a sterile rock, owing a great portion of its very soil to importation, it is yet the most populous island in the world, containing a population of 100,000 souls, or 1200 to the square mile. 'Although the pasturages are so limited, the breed of cattle is remarkably fine; the oxen, asses, and mules are of superior size and quality, and the mares were formerly sent by the Grand Masters as valuable presents to the sovereigns of Europe.'

Malta is about the size of the Isle of Wight, but so different in character from that 'garden of England,' that the principal streets of the city of Valetta are flights of stairs. The general aspect of the country, however, is still more remarkable. 'On clearing the fortified enclosure, we issue into the open country, over which an extensive and striking view suddenly bursts upon the eye. On a hot dry day, and under a glaring sun, it looks almost like an arid desert of white stone, thinly veiled here and there with a patch of feeble verdure, or sparsely dotted over with round black-looking carob-trees; and one is utterly perplexed as to the sustenance of the dense population with which it evidently teems; for, look which way one will, large villages, or *casals*, everywhere salute the eye, solidly built, and invariably overtopped by large and handsome churches. After the rains, however, this bare surface is suddenly carpeted with a most vivid green; and then, although there is nothing worthy of the name of scenery to be met with, it is really pleasant to peregrinate the island—the pleasure being mainly derived from the spectacle of industry triumphing over natural obstacles. A mere rock, to which, from its central and important position, a crowded population has been attracted, every practicable nook has been laboriously cultivated—the rugged soil cleared of the stones with which it was covered; the "crop-rock," which formed the surface, broken up; and the bed of subsoil which is beneath it brought out and industriously laboured, while the more impracticable portions have been covered with a coating of foreign soil. The island has thus been rendered extremely productive—cotton, still extensively grown, being the great staple in the time of the Grand Masters, under whom its manufacture was a source of immense wealth. But the fields of beautiful *silla*, or clover, indigenous to Malta, are what will more especially strike the eye of the stranger. It grows from three to five feet from the ground; its luxuriant leaves, surmounted by a large crimson flower, have at a short distance all the beauty of a plantation of China roses. Groups of broad-leaved fig, or carob-trees, thickets of prickly pear, and gardens filled with pomegranates and vines, and evidently cultivated with extreme care, at intervals also relieve the general meagreness of the landscape, which, after all, gives us the idea of a desert, only to be maintained from lapsing into its native sterility by that same laborious industry which originally reclaimed it from barrenness.'

This singular rock, however, was the centre of some congregation of the human kind long before the time of the Knights of Malta—long before the rise from savagism of the nation that is now its master. But the ruins of what is called the temple of Hagiar Chem defy conjecture. 'Was anything ever seen so strange and inexplicable—so unaccountably intricate and eccentric—so unlike any known monument, from the rude Druidical circle up to the consummate proportion of the

Grecian temple? Or, to form a somewhat clearer idea, let him clamber upon one of the highest blocks, and cast with us a bird's-eye glance over the interior of the enclosure. Even then he will not be much the wiser. These strange irregular circles, formed of upright stones, surmounted, Stonehenge-like, with transverse ones—these doorways, and passages, and flights of steps—these rude altars—this odd jumble of nooks and niches—this enormous enclosure of colossal stones, battered and disintegrated by time and tempest, till all trace of the shaping-hammer is gone; what are they—and who reared them? The mind insensibly associates them with some religious purpose—with the rites of some dark and debasing creed. These weird-looking circles once resounded perhaps with the orgies of extinct superstitions; and upon these altars the blood of innocent victims may have poured forth in sacrifice; or, as some suppose, the structure may have been intended as a burial-place, since in this edifice, and another presently to be noticed, are chambers evidently sepulchral, and bodies, urns, and pottery have been dug up within. Perhaps they may have served for both purposes—have been at once temples and tombs. But, whatever they were, no one could look upon them as we did, in the profound stillness of a summer noon—unbroken but by the hum of the gilded fly, or the rustle of the lizard as he furtively stole forth, and then disappeared again, from among the chinks of the masonry—by the soft waving of the scented wild-flowers and silken rye-grass—or wandered about their gray avenues of stones, with the wild and desolate landscape around, and the blue sea, upon which imagination pictures the barks of the roving Phœnicians, to whom tradition assigns the structure, without a feeling of intense curiosity, and almost of awe, which perhaps no other description of edifice is, in an equal degree, calculated to call forth.'

There are other remarkable ruins, called El Mneidra, of the same kind, but displaying a higher degree of arrangement and constructive skill. They stand on the brink of a precipice overhanging the sea, and no other work of man is seen on this desolate part of the coast, excepting some solitary watch-towers, erected as look-outs for the Barbary corsairs.

From Malta our author sailed to Gibraltar, and his first view of this equally celebrated Rock is given with spirit:—"The Rock ahead!" was the joyful sound that saluted us next morning as soon as we turned out of our berth. We hurried on deck: there it was, sure enough, not yet having taken off its night-cap of white sea-fog—a huge, indistinct, mysterious monster—looking as it might have looked to the first Phœnician navigator whose daring keel first broke the stillness of a sea to him unknown. As the sun rose higher, the mists gradually dispersed, and disclosed every detail of the majestic spectacle. Europe and Africa, hitherto separated by a wide extent of sea, were seen gradually approaching each other, till they almost appeared to embrace. On the right we admired the romantic shores of Spain, rising from gentle corn-covered slopes into bold brown hills, swelling into purple mountains. On the African side, more dimly seen, were the rock and fortress of Ceuta, backed by the tremendous precipices of Mons Abyla, or "Apes' Hill," forming with the Rock of Gibraltar, which boldly occupied the centre of the view, the two "Pillars of Hercules," the entrance of the strait connecting the Mediterranean with the Atlantic Ocean. This was the sight I had so often wished to see. As we approached the eastern side of the rock, connected with the Spanish shore by a low, sandy isthmus, it towered above our ship in one long unbroken precipice of fourteen hundred feet in height. At its foot, near its northern extremity, crouched the little village of Catalan Bay, the only one in view, with its white houses, looking as if it must inevitably be crushed some day by falling masses of rock. Running

rapidly along the eastern side of the rock, we turned its southern corner along its western side, which fronts the deep Bay of Gibraltar, when, Proteus-like, it assumed an appearance entirely different. Ranges of batteries rising from the sea, tier above tier, extend along its entire sea-front, at the northern extremity of which is the town. Every nook in the crags bristles with artillery; white barracks and gay villas, embowered in green gardens and groves, occupying the midway ascent; while above towers in rugged grandeur the summit of the Rock itself. No contrast could possibly be more striking: on the one side a scene of crowded life, on the other an absolute solitude. The whole prospect is one of the most exciting description; and our first impression of Gibraltar altogether surpassed even the highly-wrought anticipations we had been led to form of it.

This variety of surface is one of the most remarkable characteristics of the Rock, and the combinations of scenery it presents are such as could be expected only in some very spacious area. 'Among the villas which stud the side of the Rock, is one which may compare with any for the romantic peculiarity of its site. It consists of two ranges of large and airy apartments of only one storey, with a shady corridor, running along two sides of a quadrangular space, elevated some height above the road, and laid out as an Italian garden, with its ranges of statues and fountains abounding in parterres of flowers, and hedged with fragrant box. Clusters of cypress, orange, and palus, and tufts of flowering shrubs, form an impervious shade against the fervours of a Mediterranean sun, and mingle their odours in the intoxicating atmosphere of the south. Seated under these trees, and looking upward, the Rock, broken into precipices, and covered with wild shrubs, is seen overhanging and sheltering the garden; while through the thick foliage below peep out the blue bay and its white sails, the town, and the mountains of Africa and Spain.'

Among the wonders of the Rock, where everything is wonderful, St Michael's Cave deserves special attention; although it is supposed, we cannot tell with what truth, that the whole Rock is honeycombed with galleries and caverns. Travellers visiting the abyss we have named usually provide themselves with blue lights from the Signal Tower, the effect of which throws a congenial illumination upon the Pandemonium. 'Our guide lighted a pile of brush, which, as it blazed up, dimly disclosed to us a lofty vault-shaped dome, supported, as it were, on pillars of milk-white stalactite, assuming the appearance of the trunks of palm-trees, and a variety of fantastic foliage, some stretching down to the very flooring of the cavern, others resting midway on rocky ledges and huge masses of congelation, springing from the floor, like the vestibule of some palace of the genii. At a given signal the blue lights were now kindled, when the whole scene, which had been but imperfectly illuminated, flashed into sudden splendour—hundreds of pendulous stalactites, before invisible, started into view—the lofty columns, with their delicate and beautiful formation, glittered like silver, and seemed raised and enchaused by the wand of enchantment. But this glimpse of the splendours of the cavern was, alas! but momentary; for our lights speedily burning down, we were compelled to retreat before we were involved in dangerous darkness.' Their exit in utter darkness was not made with absolute equanimity of mind; for they remembered that an apparently bottomless pit had yawned at their feet on one side as they made their way in. Another traveller describes the effect of torches, stones, and crystals, thrown into the gulf by his party, and mentions the disastrous fate of a soldier who attempted to explore it, and never returned. But Mr Bartlett goes a pitch beyond this. 'This chasm bears, moreover, somewhat of a sinister character, and it has been supposed that

more than one unfortunate has met with foul play, being enticed within the cave by some assassin, and after being plundered, pushed into this horrible gulf, as a place that would tell no tales. Shortly before our visit, a gentleman who was desirous of exploring the place, caused himself to be lowered with ropes, bearing a light in his hand; but what was his horror, so soon as his foot came in contact with resistance, to find that he was treading upon some substance that yielded to the pressure, while at the same time the pale gleam of his torch fell upon the ghastly features of a murdered man!' The extent of the cavern never having been ascertained, it of course affords abundant materials for the imagination; and the vulgar devoutly believe that it communicates beneath the Straits with Mons Abyla, and thus afforded a path to the numerous colony of African apes which still form a remarkable portion of the population of Gibraltar.

After all, Gibraltar is more important to the English traveller than to the English nation:—'Whether this stronghold is, or ever will be, after all, worthy of the immense expenditure that it has occasioned, has often been called in question. A recent writer has observed that Gibraltar lives on her former credit; and that as it has cost us an enormous sum, we conclude it must be of corresponding value. Yet, destitute as it is of a harbour, like that of Malta, it cannot be a fortified stronghold for our fleet in the Mediterranean; it can hardly, as will already have appeared, be said to close the Mediterranean against a hostile squadron. It is not, to say truth, very clear what it commands, or what it protects. A conjunction of circumstances might, however, arise in which it would prove of importance. Since the establishment of the Overland Route it has acquired a new value, as one of a chain of posts connecting England with her Indian possessions. One thing is certain, that having expended millions upon it, and covered it with the prestige of a glorious defence, it is not very likely to be given up, especially as it is understood that, by improved management, it is made to pay its own expenses. Yet unless international morality be indeed a fiction, every one who knows how it fell into our possession, and that when it was reluctantly ceded to us by Spain, it was on the condition that it should not be made a nest for smuggling, must desire to see the end of a system which, though we defend by *might*, we cannot justify by *right*; and which is as discreditable to our national good faith, as it is justly provocative of the hatred of the Spanish nation.'

The smuggling here mentioned, we are sorry to say, is the principal trade of Gibraltar. We not only occupy, without any adequate temptation, a portion of the Spanish territory, but make use of it to deluge Spain with our contraband goods. That this is the deed of the English government cannot be denied, since the authorities are not only all aware of the practice, but occasionally make use of their guns against the Spanish revenue force:—'The smuggling boats, felucca-rigged, and carrying a heavy gun concealed under their netting, take in their cargoes at the Rock, and watch their opportunity to effect a landing on the neighbouring coasts, where the "contrabandistas," a daring body of mountaineers, are ready to carry the goods into the interior, assisted, it is said, by the co-operation of certain Spanish officials, who find their account in encouraging them. The Spanish government maintains a number of fast-sailing *guarda costas*, or revenue cutters, which keep a sharp look-out, and will sometimes cut the smugglers from under the very batteries of Gibraltar, at the risk, however, of being sunk by our guns, if invading the jurisdiction of our waters—a fate which has befallen more than one of them before now.'

From these few extracts, the reader will perceive that there is abundance of interesting and amusing information in the volume; but this refers only to its

literary department. As a work of art, we must add, it possesses very considerable merit, having nearly thirty steel vignettes, and more than a score of woodcuts, all beautifully executed.

AMBER.

SURROUNDED with a vivid charm as the relic of a bygone vegetation, amber is yet invested with a greater scientific interest from the fact that the very name—*electrum*—bestowed upon it by the Greeks, has been perpetuated in that given to the greatest and most mysteriously all-pervading of the natural forces.*

Upwards of 500 years before Christ, Thales, the philosopher of Miletus, discovered the power which amber possesses of attracting to, or repelling from, itself certain substances. Exulting with joy, and perhaps dimly foreseeing the important truths hereafter to be deduced from this discovery, he announced to his admiring and wondering school that this amber contained within its substance an essence, or living principle, 'which, lying dormant, was awakened only by friction, and then wandered forth to attract to itself various surrounding particles,' laden with which, it returned into its own body. Such were the first faint glimmerings of our knowledge of Electricity.

That amber was known to, and valued by, the ancients long before the date of this discovery, has been amply proved, though some difficulties have been cast on the page of its early history, on account of the name *electrum* being also applied to an amber-coloured amalgam of gold and silver. There is no doubt, however, that amber is in some places actually referred to by Homer; for instance, where he describes a necklace made of 'gold and silver, bound or held together by amber.' And again, where he classes together, or rather places in opposition, 'gold and *electrum*, silver and ivory'—proving that it was at this period in use as a gem; though probably its odoriferous and inflammable properties first gave it its value, and brought it into notice as *incense*.

That the Phœnicians, the early merchants of the south, traded in amber is well ascertained; but whether they actually reached the shores of the Baltic, or even the western Cimbrian coast, or whether they received it from thence through the medium of Britain, remains doubtful, though the former opinion appears to be gaining ground. We must, however, remark that amber, in tolerable quantities, has been found in Britain itself, and that its use by the ancient Britons has been evidenced by the disinterment of amber necklaces, or detached beads, from different barrows. Tacitus appears to be the first writer who positively mentions the amber of the Baltic, the trade in which furnishes Humboldt with a beautiful example of the humanising influence of an inland traffic, though in but one single article of use or luxury. The amber alluded to was handed, as it were, from people to people throughout the length of Germany, and so across the Alps (where a road, sacred to commerce, was protected by all the neighbouring tribes) to the banks of the Eridanus, or Po, from whence it circulated through the south of Europe—thus bringing us at once to the typical myth of the *sunstone* of the Eridanus; in which, when Phœton was struck into the Po, his sisters remained lamenting on its banks until they were turned into poplars, while their tears continued to flow in the form of amber, being, as Ovid tells us,

'Hardened into value by the sun.'

This beautiful allegory was still more closely connected with the region of fable by the nations of the East, who

made the tears of which amber was formed to be those of a certain sacred sea-bird; thus the poet—

'Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird hath wept.'

Strange and varied, indeed, have been the origins assigned to this substance, which has been alternately removed from one kingdom of nature to another, until, fixed by the magic wand of science, its proper birth-place in the vegetable world was conceded to it. Here, as in many other instances, we find the accounts of Pliny more correct than those of many of his successors through a long series of ages. He considered it to be the resin of either the poplar or a 'cedar of the pine kind.' On this account the Romans called it *succinum*, from *succus*, the juice of a tree; and by this name it is still known in our medical language. By later writers it was supposed to be a natural mineral; and we find the careful and accurate Ray, in giving his opinion respecting some amber from Thedie Thorpe, on the Lindsey coast, qualifying his decision by saying—'I am but a learner, and a very young one, in minerals, &c.' Others regarded it as animal matter which had undergone some peculiar alteration from the action of the waves. Some affirmed that it was a sea-plant, which, growing at the bottom of the deeper parts of the ocean, was occasionally broken, when its fragments were washed on shore. Others went so far as to imagine that, because insects were found in it, it was produced by them. Patrin indeed concludes that it was honey mineralised by vitriolic acid, and that the flies, &c. were killed on touching it by means of its electricity; for insects, he says, are not found except in substances on which they feed; pithily adding, as indisputable proof, that 'where bees are found, amber may be discovered!' The mysterious doubt with which it was surrounded was further increased by alleged instances of clear and legible Hebrew and Arabic characters being found enclosed in its substance—an idea which very probably originated in what Göppert and Dr K. Thomas of Königsberg have proved to be specimens of fossil mould. Gradually the vegetable theory regained its ground, until at length it was clearly and universally acknowledged that amber is the fossilised or bituminised resin or gum of some of the cone-bearing trees—of kinds, however, which, according to Göppert, were far more resinous than any of the recent species, as this substance is produced not only as in our present trees—between the wood and the bark—but also, as proved by the microscope, in the wood itself following the course of the medullary rays.

Lignite, or, as it is more generally termed, wood-coal, brown-coal (Braunkohle), or bovey-coal, abounds on the Baltic coast of Prussia—and here, too, is the largest known deposition of amber; yet, until a very recent period, the obvious connection between the two substances was unnoticed. It is true, indeed, that the frequent occurrence of fossil wood on the shores—trunks of enormous trees being sometimes exposed by the action of the waves—induced the peasantry of the district to distinguish it by the name of 'amber-wood'; but the learned drew a broader inference from the fact, and decided, says Dr Thomas, that the trunks were those of the palm, and that consequently the long-disputed situation of the garden of Eden must of necessity be on the Samland coast! To the above-named gentleman we are chiefly indebted for the attention which has recently been given to the subject. In the year 1829, he accidentally met with some fir-cones on the hills along the coast of Rauschen, which were, in opposition to his own opinion, pronounced to be recent. Determined, however, to decide the question, and encouraged in his own belief by an account—which appeared almost likely to fade into fable—of the finding, some years before, of a fossil fir-branch, with well-preserved cones, in the Hubenik amber-district, he, as soon as circumstances permitted it, properly explored the locality,

* The name amber—or *ambur*, as it was formerly spelled—is derived from the Arab term *ambur*, and indeed some of our older English writers use the word in its original form.

and was amply rewarded by a collection of cones of various species. As before-mentioned, amber had long been recognised as the resin of a conifer, and it was now apparently shown in connection with the conifers from which it was formed—an idea which was strengthened by the fact, that many of the pieces of fossil-wood, on being burned, gave out a smell of amber. For greater accuracy and certainty, however, these cones were transmitted to one of the highest living authorities on fossil woods, Professor Göppert of Breslau, who, after careful examination, stated that two species 'reminded him so exactly of the now existing forms, that they could not be distinguished from them;' while the others, which formed the greater portion of the collection, 'were forms which do not now exist.' Yet he negatived the idea that these ancient trees were connected with the origin or occurrence of amber, partly founding the denial on the non-presence of the smell of amber in some of the wood and cones, and partly adhering to a theory that the amber of the Prussian coast had originated in an abundant vegetation which grew on an island of temporary existence, and of the date of the Tertiary formation, which rose to the north of Samland in the Baltic.

Dr Karl Thomas afterwards investigated the subject, with results which seem to require little besides a candid examination to secure their general adoption. In the first place, he treated a portion of the fossil wood, which had no smell of amber, with nitro-sulphuric acid; it gave no useful explosive matter, but yielded a resin strongly reminding him of the artificial musk produced from amber by nitric acid. In consequence of this result, Dr Reich submitted fourteen fragments of the wood, which were selected at random, and which appeared to belong to different species of conifers, to examination; thirteen of which yielded succinic acid, as did also cones from the same bed, though they were also devoid of any smell of amber. 'If, then,' says Dr Thomas, 'the occurrence of succinic acid, except from amber, is so problematical that amber may be considered as its only source, we must admit also that the coniferous woods which contain it belonged not only to the amber Flora, but that they were that portion of it which actually yielded it;*' and, as a necessary consequence, that though other species may co-exist with the amber-trees, the principal mass of wood to which the lignite owes its origin is amber-bearing.

The next argument which may be advanced is found in the geological outline of the Samlandic coast, given by Dr Thomas as that with which he is most intimately acquainted, and of which the following is a brief abstract:—

A seemingly horizontal stratum of sand and coal-bearing clay, which is an alluvial product, reaches from Lapöhn to Warnik. Between Warnik and Grosskuhren a peculiar sand formation—in which amber is sometimes found, though always much worn and outwardly decomposed by the atmosphere, while in the subjacent beds it is constantly in the natural state—rises from the sea-level, making an angle of fifteen degrees west; it is composed of parallel layers whose limits are marked by the deposition of red ochre. These layers are vertically cut through by tubular fossil bodies resembling encrinurites, and also contain other marine remains. Under this sand-bank, and extending in similar directions, lies the stratum of amber-earth, which is blue or mottled; this earth has been explored wherever it rises high enough above the surface of the sea. Beneath this is the bed called Schluff, which is only distinguished from the above by its having no amber. Carbonised wood, of coniferous character, and similar to that at Rauschen, is found in this amber layer, while sharks' teeth, together with impressions of echinites, have been found

in both the amber and the schluff beds. From Grosskuhren these layers continue at the same angle of elevation to the villages of Great and Little Kuhen, where they rise to the height of from forty to sixty feet above the sea, and, to the great profit of the miner, expose the amber beds. The western extremity of the formation is covered, behind Little Kuhen, by hills apparently of diluvial structure; but it crops out again from the superincumbent mass, so that the Samlandic shore presents a most interesting profile of the formation. At Rosenorth the strata dip rapidly to the south, so as to elude observation, but at the same time rise abruptly from the sea to the south in such a manner that the separated strata are merely covered by a diluvial loam of ten feet thick. Another member of the amber formation lies almost horizontally in the coast hills of Dirschkeim, in which the amber bed, which lies four feet deep, is not very productive, but it evidently extends under the sea, as has long been shown by the quantities of amber thrown on that part of the coast—a storm of but moderate length and violence on the first day of January 1848 having brought to light in a very brief space no less than 800 pounds.

Attention having been thus drawn to the subject, every fresh examination seems to tend to the confirmation of the inferences of Dr Thomas, and will probably lead to the result which he announces as his great object—namely, to the enlargement of our knowledge of the localities of amber beds, with a view to increase the supply of this valuable commodity. Already it has been discovered at various points along the coast of Prussia, as well as inland; in parts of Russia, and in Siberia. Sicily may rank next to Prussia as an amber-producing country, but the substance appears to be very widely distributed over the world. In Britain, amber has been dug up in the neighbourhood of London, and it is sometimes washed up by the sea on the north-east coasts; while Pennant mentions the cliff of Holderness as a clay formation from which amber is sometimes washed out in considerable quantities, but always covered with the coating, caused by atmospheric decomposition, which is mentioned by Dr Thomas as appearing in the amber of the sand layer near Warnik.

The uses to which amber has been applied are various; and though not now prized so much in jewellery as formerly, yet it is still greatly valued in the East as a material for the mouthpieces of smoking apparatus, as well as for many articles of decorated furniture; while its agreeable and wholesome scent, together with its inflammability, render it an almost necessary ingredient in perfumes and incense. Regnard, writing in 1681, expresses the great astonishment which he, who 'made so little use of it,' felt on finding that it formed the principal article of commerce between the Dutch and the nations of the East. And in the anonymous account of Thibet in the eighteenth century, published by Pinkerton, mention is made of the merchants whose practice it was to collect amber beads for sale in the markets of Bütan—as Thibet is called—where it was so valued for the purpose of burning at feasts, in the Chinese fashion, that the *serre*, or nine ounces, of beads which at Patna were purchased for from 30 to 40 *rupis*, were resold in Bütan for from 250 to 300 *rupis*. In Eastern lands, the smell of this burning amber is considered a specific in headaches of every description. The ancients prized it at a very early period for its medicinal powers, and it still takes its place in our healing list. Some time ago the vapour from burning amber was received on woollen cloths, with which rheumatic or paralytic limbs were afterwards rubbed; but this is now quite discontinued, it having been long acknowledged that it was the friction, and not the vapour, which formed the remedy. The use of powdered amber in cases of hysterics has also been almost abandoned as inefficacious; but the rectified oil,

which is of a highly bituminous nature, is still applied in paralysis, rheumatism, and as a warm stimulant, in complaints of the spine, as well as in whooping-cough and other convulsive attacks. It is also said that intermittent fevers of long standing have been cured by it. The fracture of amber is conchoidal, and its specific gravity 1.078. The succinic acid is procured from it by heat, and the oil is afterwards separated from it by repeated washings; but if the acid be exposed to lengthened heat in a closed vessel, the oil becomes thick and dark, and leaves a residue of 'thick black shining coal.'

The whole of the Prussian amber 'fishery,' as it is termed, belongs to the king, and yields him a considerable income. In the time of Regnard—when it belonged to the Elector of Brandenburg, since merged, first in the dukedom, and afterwards in the kingly power of Prussia—it produced about 25,000 crowns a month, but we do not imagine its profit to amount to nearly that sum at present. After a storm, or an unusually high tide, the amber coasts of Prussia exhibit a scene of the greatest animation and interest; for though a guard of soldiers is drawn up on the beach for the prevention of any infringement of the king's rights, yet it is a day of unwonted activity for the peasant. In fact the chances and uncertainties attending the gathering of amber give it all the charm of a sport. Men, women, and children issue forth as soon as the tide falls low enough, and hasten in cheerful groups to take advantage of the hours which shall elapse before the return of the sea to claim and cover its own.

Very different accounts are given as to the size of the lumps in which amber is generally found, but most modern naturalists agree that it seldom exceeds a pound-weight in one piece: yet Regnard tells us that the Margrave of Brandenburg presented the emperor of Russia with a chair of amber, which was supposed to be the greatest curiosity in the world; and that he also gave the dauphin—by whom we suppose he means the hereditary grand duke—a mirror of the same, which was considered a masterpiece. Santos talks of a lump found on the coasts of Melinda in 1596 so large, that a man might easily hide behind it; and adds that no person could be found who was possessed of money enough for its purchase, and that it was consequently broken into smaller fragments. We should remark that, notwithstanding various rumours to the contrary, no method has been yet discovered of joining amber into one piece, as the application of heat separates its particles.

STREETS IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

The public thoroughfares of the metropolis were unpaved, and were little better than the country lanes; the inhabitants, and even the butchers, threw the offal into the streets, and swine revelled unmolested in the gutters. In Paris a French prince of the royal blood was killed by a fall from his horse in consequence of a sow running between the animal's legs. An order was issued to prohibit them from wallowing in the muddy streets; but the order, it is said, excited the anger of the monks of the abbey of St Anthony, who from time immemorial had enjoyed the privilege of turning their swine into the public thoroughfares. The monks urged their plea with such pertinacity, that it was found necessary to grant them an exclusive right of sending their pigs about town without molestation, only requiring that the holy fathers should turn them out with bells hung round their necks. The swinish multitude grew fat upon the filth, and formed, with the kites, crows, and other ravenous birds, the only scavengers of the busy streets of Paris and London. In France the people were allowed to throw out of their windows into the streets filth of the most offensive nature on calling out three times, 'Gare l'eau!' The principal streets of

Paris were not paved until the latter part of the twelfth century, and those of London not until a much later period. Holborn, the great artery of modern Babylon, through which pour in quick succession one loud, busy, rattling stream of life and commerce, was not paved till the commencement of the fifteenth century. Some of the minor streets were scarcely passable. Narrow lanes with hedges, broken only here and there by a straggling house, were the primitive Wood Streets, Gray's Inn Lanes, and Aldgate Streets, of modern times: some would venture to traffic them in the day, but few would risk such perilous thoroughfares at night. Some of the streets were so bad in the prosperous days of King Henry VIII., that they are described as 'very foul, and full of pits and sloughs; very perilous as well for all the king's subjects on horseback as on foot.' Along such dangerous paths the traveller at night had to grope his way about town in total darkness, except he was near enough to be guided by the lanterns on the steeple of Bow Church, which served as the only landmark to the bewildered stranger.—*Lights and Shadows of the Olden Times.*

THE MOON IN THE MORNING.

BACK, spectral wanderer! What dost thou here!
Are not the streets all thrilled with morning beams,
While the hill-city bathes in misty streams
Of living gold; and ever and anear
The fresh breeze from the Firth sweeps coldly clear!

It shall be morning! I step forth as one
Who bears youth's royalty on heart and eye;
As if those pale years at my feet did lie
Like dead flowers, and I crushed them! and I passed on
Boldly, with looks turned forwards—backward, none!

Oh breeze and sun of morn! Oh castled steep,
And distant hills that dream in still rejoice!
Oh infinite waves, that with unceasing voice
I know are thundering on the bay's curved deep,
Wake ye my spirit from its palsied sleep!

Yes, I will grasp it—life's fair morning-time;
I will put strength into these pulses dull,
And gaze out on God's earth so beautiful,
And change this dirge into a happy chime
That to His footstool may arise sublime.

I look up to His heaven. Ha! art thou there,
Dim, waning moon! watched, a bright thread, at eve;
Then fuller, till one night thy beams did weave
A magic light o'er hill and castle fair;
Back, thou pale ghost! haunt not the morning air!

Blank thing! Would I could blot thee from the sky!
Why troublest thou the brightness of the morn?
'I do but as all things create or born
Serve my appointed course, and then—I die.'
This answer falleth downwards like a sigh.

I have said ill. Then, pallid crescent, hail!
Let me look on thee, where thou sitt'st for aye
Like memory—ghastly in the glare of day,
But in the evening, light. Grow yet more pale,
Till from the face of heaven thine image fall.

Then rise from out earth's gloom of midnight tears
A new-born glory! So I know 'twill be
When that pale shade now ever following me—
Unexorcised phantom of dead years—
Grows an orb'd angel, singing in the spheres.

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